

Earth, Wind And Fire, Chicago (Chi-Town) Blues

Maurice White, Jon Lind, Nicky Brown & Brock Walsh

Booker T's at the front door
Saying it's time to go
Coltrane's at the mother blues tonight
63rd to southshore
We're cruising in the Dyna-Flo
Ain't no way they let us play, but then
they might

Fourteen years not a one day more, yeah
Struttin' my stuff up and down the floor
Haven't you heard this groove before?

Chorus 1:
Ba da bop ba dee-ah ba dee-ah
Ba da bop bop ba do-ah do-ay
I'll never lose chicago blues
Ba da bop bop ba do-ah do-ay

We tried to be cool, yeah
Flat tops up stove-pipes down
Finding out the good stuff
You never gonna learn in school
Comes easy in this part of town

I brought my sticks, we're sittin' in, all night
Better be quick, gotta hold on tight
It's gonna be a real jam down delight

Chorus 2:
Ba da bop ba dee-ah ba dee-ah
Ba da bop bop ba do-ah do-ay
I'll never lose chicago blues
Send that drummer home and
let me play (repeat)

Ba da bop ba dee-ah ba dee-ah
Ba da bop bop ba do-ah do-ay
Ee-yay ee-yeay ee-yay ee-yay
Ba da bop bop ba do-ah do-ay

Ba dee-ah ba dee-ah
Ee-yay ee-yeay ee-yay ee-yay
Ba da bop bop ba do-ah do-ay